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THE FAIRY'S FOSTER-MOTHER.

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

BY THE LATE JOHN L'ESTRANGE.



It is a well ascertained and duly acknowledged doctrine by the professors of fairyism, that there is nothing which the "good people" are so anxious about as the providing an earthly nurse for their offspring; and there is not, as these same gifted professors will tell you, a "knowledgeable ould woman from Wexford to Athlone, but can tell you that it is the most dangerous and unlucky thing in the world to leave a lying-in-woman or a corpse for a moment alone." How this analogy is made out the initiated alone can prove, but numerous are the stories, and most "incredibly attested," which they adduce relative to "poor women" being taken away from the arms and love of their husbands and families, and doomed to spend the remainder of their days in the gloomy caverns of the earth, treated as slaves and drudges by their captors, until their allotted time is come. What particular end is answered, in the moral and political economy of fairyland by this fostership I never heard satisfactorily explained, but the following from the lips "of sybil sage and old," is one of the many wonders in the history of fairy abductionism which may go far in proof of the general principle. I shall endeavor to give it the peculiar and characteristic style of the narrator, that it may the better convey the turns of thought and expression with which the people clothe their belief in superstitions of this kind, and confident that it would lose much by any attempt at a translation.

"Sure, then, you know the ould Forth of Ball-

linderry that stands all covered with trees and bushes, about fifty perches from the town of Mullingar. It is as beautiful a spot as you could wish to sit in on a summer's day—so lonely, and wild, and green, and shady—down below you lies the road to Kilbeggan, always a foot deep with dust or mud; on your right is the decent town itself, and its *colloguin* (gossiping) men and women; to your left is the sweet *Lough Innuel*, with its calm blue waters and deep hanging woods, its green islands and boggy shores, not forgetting the muddy Brosna that winds its sluggish way through moss and moore until it buries itself in the limpid waters of the lake through which the ripple of its waves can be traced for nearly a mile on a calm day. Of all the places in Christendom for the 'good people,' that Forth of Ballinderry beats them out. Och, ochone, many a queer turn has happened in the same Forth; and well Mick Mulryan has cause to remember the same, aye, to the day that he'll close his eyes on the light of the blessed day in this wicked world. God be-tune us and harm! Amin! Amin!

"Now Mick himself (that's when he was young) was one of the decentest and purtiest boys in the parish, and mighty quiet to boot; for barrin' the football and the dance, and the faction fights with the long Doyles and Mullowneys, a skrimmage or two at a wake, and an odd squabble on his own account, his name was never bro't up afore the justice or his reverence, and very fond of him the same priest was, considering a

poor farming boy like him; and when his reverence would ride to the end of the parish, not a house in the place would his horse stop at but Mick's; and who'd blame the beast, when it's a good reason he had for the same?—for it's there he'd get the genteel usage and plenty of the same, and if there was a good feed of oats to be got for love, money, or stealing, you may be sure the priest's horse would have it. Them were the good ould times when you might make as free with your neighbor's share as your own. Och, ochone, but the world is changing; often I heard my mother say the same—the goodness be merciful to her bones in the ground—the cross about us all, and why not? Amin! Amin!

"Mick, you see, was an *olphán* (orphan) by reason of the death of his father, who left him a snug, well-stocked farm, round the hill above at *Boreen-a-Corp* (the Road of the Dead); and, by the blessed hazel stick in my hand, Mick was the boy to make the best of it, let alone his ould *collough* (hag) of a mother. Well, I knew her, *Breed rua* (red Bridget); she was the fag end of a long ancient family, and many a worthy and wealthy farmer would be right proud to accept Mick as a son-in-law; but Mick knew his own business best, and what's more nathral, seein' that there was one he loved better than the rest of the world beside, and that was Maihri M'Dermott, the poor widow's daughter. Yes, she was poor, but she was honest; and poverty was no treason in them days any how. They played in the same fields together when they were children; they sought together for the nests of the robin and the yellow-breast; they went to the same school; and Mick was always Maihri's partner in the dance. He loved her as he loved the breath of his body or the light of his eyes, and she loved him as a modest girl should love her promised husband. A sweet creature she was, with blushes like the wild rose in the hedge; lips like the ripe berries of the woodbine; and her yellow hair curling round her white neck. Och, ochone, the ould times were the times in earnest; where can you find the people now like those that are gone? The world is growing worse and worse every day. Och *wira shrué* (oh! the sorrow it is). What will it come to at last, *farier gear* (to be regretted)?"

It were, I fear, a tiresome task to follow my old historian through all the episodes and ramifications of her tale—enough to say at once that Mick and his Maihri were married, and that the wedding was the grandest affair that could be imagined; and that the lives of the happy pair passed as a pleasant summer's day, without a cloud to dim its brightness, until it was time to think of making preparations for a christening.

"And now comes the worst part of my story," as we again take up the thread of our tale; "for nothing would take Mick from the wish of bringing poor Maihri into Mullingar behind him on the ould mare with a nice straw *soogaun* (low seat) twisted neatly under her for a pillian. They bought the tay and the sugar for the nursetindher and the neighbors, the good whiskey and the wine for the priest, though, by my good faith, his reverence was neither backward nor behind-hand when a jug of punch was singing on the table before him.

"Well, Mick and Maihri were jogging home, thinking of nothing in the wide world, when just as they came to the bridge over the stream at the cross roads, the ould mare that you'd think could hardly draw her skin and heels along with her, made a sudden snort and a bounce. 'Hoo, the sorrow go with you for an old garron, what the puck's coming over you?' sez Mick, but the ould mare only gave another caper, and a wheel about on the road. 'Arrah, the devil sweep you, you ould *omadhaun*' (fool), sez he, again, 'what's getting into you? Grip me hard, Maihri, *avourneen* (my darling); throw your arm about me, and I'll give her a taste of the stick. *Ha veehonie* (vagabond), take that,—and that,—and that; hold hard, Maihri, what's the matter with the ould blackguard? Its more of it she wants, there then,—and there,—and there; now will you go on? Hold hard, Maihri.'

"Oh stop, Mick, jewel,' sez she, 'till I get down, and then you can lead her quietly over.'

"*Duoul Cush*' (devil a foot), sez he, 'I would n't please her, the rip. I wouldn't satisfy the ould stag to let you walk an inch; just hold me tight, and devil a danger, I'll take the sulks out of her. Now get on there with you; you wont, wont you? well, then, here's at you again. Keep your grip, Maihri, *agra*' (my love.)

"In this way he fell to murdering the ould mare, but in spite of all he could do, she would n't budge an inch, but backed right into the ditch: and when she felt the thorn bushes, she kicked out like a mad thing, and squeeled and reared, till at last she fairly tossed Maihri off, and Mick on top of her, into the middle of the stream; and there she was—Och! *wira eelish*—oh! the grief of the heart,—what sufferings poor women are born to go through—Lord lighten the burden on the overloaded! Amin! Amin!

"Mick was ravin' like a madman, when he saw his Maihri out of one faint into another. Some of the neighbors came round him, to put patience into him, and carried Maihri into the next house. The doctor was sent for in all haste, but in about half an hour after giving birth to a beautiful boy, she departed. They laid her out and waked her where she was, and a plentiful decent wake he gave her, sure enough, and a crowded funeral she had; for, as I said before, they belonged to the ould ancient race all out, and they buried her below in Lynn, by the edge of the Lake—a cold spot it is to be buried, too, by the same token—no trees about it to make it comfortable; but the wind sweeps over it across the lake, and whistles and groans among the falling walls of the old church, like the shivering ghosts of the dead.

"You see, Mick couldn't abide to look the ould mare straight in the face ever after, so sould her away. He wanted to get a nurse for the child, but his mother got so fond of it, that she kept it, and said she'd manage to nurse it herself. And so she did, and a fine child it grew, and throve out o' the face. Och, ochone!—but sure miracles will never cease; the more we live the longer we know—who can tell how they are to die?—many a day in the grave on us, and it's well to be prepared. Lord have mercy on me, a sinner! Amin! Amin! Och, *amonum beg*—oh! my poor soul.

"In about three or four months after this *scall-a-chree*,—heart-burning,—Mick sez to his mother, one night, 'Mother, dear,' sez he, 'I intend pushing purty early for the fair of Multifarnham in the morning, to look after a baste in place of that bad luck of a devil I had. My curse, and the curse of—'

"'Dont curse, Mick, *avick*!—my son,—sez she, 'but let all your luck go with her.'

"'Well, I wont curse the unlucky limb of mischief,' sez he; 'but bake a cake for me, and leave it with some milk and butter on the dresser, and I'll just break my fast afore I start, and take a trifle with me.'

"'I will, I will, *a gra gal*!—my white love,—sez she, 'and the Lord may speed you, and send you safe home, Mick, dear.'

"Now, you see, the bed in which Mick slept was in a room that looked toward the kitchen, so that when he was not asleep with his head on the bolster, he could see all about the house. His mother slept in a settle near the fire, and the cradle beside her. Now Mick, being more than common uneasy in his mind this night, couldn't rest by no manner of means, but tossed and tumbled, thinking of his own Maihri. The fire upon the hearth had blazed up from the ashes which was pressed over it, and flashed about, so that he could see everything in the house nearly as plain as if the blessed sun was shining. Suddenly the door opened, as if of its own free will, and who should he see walk in about the floor but his Maihri. His heart beat loudly against his breast; he could scarcely breathe, though his mouth was wide open; and he could do nothing but stare and gaze, and yet he did not feel as one afraid. 'It's her ghost,' thinks he, 'it's the creature's spirit, it is, that's wandering about in tribelation and sorrow; but well I know it's not to do any harm, she visits them she loved so well when she was amongst them, and who would give up their life to save hers. But may be it's not right for me to speak first, it might disturb her errand. I'll wait and see what she'll do.'

"She walked over toward the fire-place, took the granny's *seestha*—straw chair—and seated herself beside the cradle. She then stirred and settled up the fire as natural as any living Christian, and taking up the child she put it to her breast. 'Oh!' thought Mick, 'what's this for!' The poor infant when it felt her touch, crowded and nestled into her bosom like a little bird under his mother's wing, and seemed to rejoice as if it knew the kindness of the heart that beat against its little cheek. After some time she stood up, put some water into a deep wooden bason, and stripped the child quite naked. '*Curp na Chrees-tha*,'—body of Christ,—said he to himself, 'will she drown her own *paustha bra*—child forever?—and he was ready to leap almost out of his skin with fear and wonder. But the creature never was unnatural, and dead or alive she had the tin-dherness to the last. She washed the child from head to foot in the water, dried it, warmed it, and put on its clothes; then she again placed it to her breast, and silently rocked it backward and forward till it went to sleep, and then she carefully covered it up in the cradle—and what makes the affair more wonderful, the infant never whimpered, or shed a tear. 'Och, the blessing of ho-

ly Saint Crum be about us!' thought Mick, 'but that bangs Bannagher, and Bannagher banged the devil; but the goodness of God is beyond expectation.'

"When she settled all as she found it, she stood up and went over to the dresser, where finding bread and milk, she began to eat as ravenous as one that didn't see victuals for a year and a day. When she was going out, she gave a long mournful look up into the room where Mick was lying, and gave a sigh from her very heart's core enough to break a heart of stone. Och the Lord may send light to all souls in darkness! for we are ordered to pray for the enemy as well as the friend. *Sha dha vaha vera na thalawnta na grashtha*, &c. (Hail, Mary, full of grace, &c.); Och, Amin! Amin! oh!

"You might take your oath on the height of yourself of Testaments and Bibles that Mick didn't sleep much more that night, so got up brave and early, and the very first beggarman or woman that came to the door, he gave them the remainder of the bread and milk.

"'Ah, then, Mickie, *vick machree* (son of my heart),' sez the mother, 'I thought you were in Multifarnham by this time.'

"'I was thinking so myself,' sez Mickie, 'but I was thinking after that I'd do without a beast for a while longer; and observing the ould woman turning her beads, 'had you not best,' sez he, 'say a *Pater* and *Ave* for the rest of poor Maihri's soul,' sez he; 'that's if you're not too much taken up with your own concerns!'

"'Why, then, bad luck to my soul,' sez she, 'if ever I miss that same, night and morning, on my two knees.'

"The next night Mick stopped awake, on purpose to see if she would appear to him again; and true as the blessed sun, about the very same hour, she made her appearance as visible as before, opened the door, came in, went to the fire, took up the child, washed and dressed it, hushed it to sleep in her bosom, and laid it in the cradle. She then turned to the dresser, but, as there was nothing left for her to eat, she went away very mournful. 'Faix, there must be something in this beyond my comprehension,' sez Mick; 'but I'll soon untwist the turnings of it, if there's knowledge in the parish; and if all fails me, I'll try father Fatterill; the Lord save us from harm! sure I think he'd do as much for me as any other poor boy in the barony.' He rose early in the morning without telling any person about the trouble that was like a fire in his heart; he turned his face and his feet towards the cabin of *Shuawn na mona* (Judith of the bog), the fairy woman. She lived alone in a moss-covered cabin, in the wild bog of Lynn. Many a bad story is told concerning doings with the good people, and many an ill turn laid at her door, now that she's dead, by those that may be would not say it to her face, if she was alive to contradict them, or put the blast on them, or the lameness, or the blindness; and sure we're ordered not to speak ill of the dead,—if we can't do them a good turn, let us not do them a bad one, for

'Many a could day
We owe to the clay,'

and not one of them paid yet. Lord straighten

the path for the poor sinner! Amin! Amin! sweet *Breedth na thinná* (Bridget of the fire).

"However, they said she knew more than she ought, or than what was good for her soul. Mickie stopped as he drew near to the cabin door, for he thought he heard the old woman talking to some person inside, and sez he to himself—'I'll not go in yet, for may be I'd only disturb the company.' He waited some time, but seeing no person come out, he ventured nearer to the door. 'You're welcome, Mick Mulryan,' sez she inside; 'kick the dust from your pumps and cross my threshold.' Mickie took off his brogues and carried them inside his hand. 'Its not for nothing that you darken the sunbeams in my doorway this morning, and only that it is the son of your father that stands under my roof, you should turn your back upon my cabin just as wise as you came,' but seeing Mick a little frightened or so, she sez again, 'here's a creepy stool, *alanna*, sit down, sit down. Your father was a decent man, and you're that honest father's child, and it should be a hard day with ould *Shuavn* when she'd forget to the son the goodness of the father. Hold your tongue now—don't you speak one word while you're within these walls, for there's them that would smell the sound of your voice here for a twelvemonth to come. When I had neither friend nor relation to help or shelter me, your father opened his door to the stranger. I got the bed in his corner, and a seat at his hearth stone—that door was never closed nor that fire never quenched on me—he put his roof above my head and gave me the first seed to put in the ground; and when I refuse to do a good turn for his child after him, though he's laid cold in his grave, may the seed never grow for me, and may the cabin for ould *Shuavn* be the narrow house! Hush! I tell you. I know what you'd be for saying—*Your wife*—Hush! I say again, or I'll close my mouth forever on the word. *Your wife is nursing a son and heir for the king of the Fairies!*' Mick stood up, opened his mouth, and looked round him like a man that felt the earth sinking from under him. 'Sit down, I say, and listen to me,' she sez again to him; 'mind what I tell you, and it's doing what may come against me, soon and sudden, I am, when I'm telling you or the like of you—may be it would cost me my life, and may be I'd escape—but no matter what way it turns, I shall turn good friends into bitter enemies. Yet for his sake, him that's gone, I'd venture more. Listen to me now, and do what I tell you. When your wife comes to your house to-night, don't disturb her until she is going away; then leap out and lay hold on her, and don't let her go until she herself tells you what you must do to set her free, for she alone has the secret; if you let her go before that, you will never see her again—she will be lost forever, and ruin and destruction will forever pursue you and yours. There, now go—get up and quit my cabin—put up your money, I dare not touch it—go—go—tell no person your mind, and do as you are bid.'

"The next night Mick was lying awake when all were asleep. The sweet moonbeams stole in through the window, and shone about the house like the light from heaven, when about the same hour, the door opened, and poor Maihri walked

in, like a spirit from the dead. She took up her child, washed it, nursed it, and put it to sleep on her bosom. 'Och! the poor thing,' sez Mick to himself, 'how pale she looks!' and he silly stole one foot out of the bed, that he might be ready to jump and catch her. At the slight rustling, she started up and looked wildly about her, but Mick did not stir, and even held in his breathing; so she put the child into the cradle, and turned to look for something to eat. She was then walking out, quite heart-broken; when just as she came opposite to the door of the little room, Mick sprung suddenly on her, and clasped her firmly in his arms. She screamed as if a sword was darted into her heart.

"'Is this you, *Maihri bawn astore ma chree* (fair Mary, the darling of my heart)? sez he,—'and have I you once more?—and did you come back to me after all—back to your own desolate Mick?'—but she shrieked and struggled as if a serpent had twined itself about her.

"'Let me out—let me go,' sez she; 'Mick Mulryan, let me go,'—and she plunged away and screeched like a mad thing.

"'Never, never,' sez Mick, 'by the powers of man; I have you now, and I'll lose my life, or forty lives, if I had them, sooner than part you now.'

"'You must let me go,' she cried; 'you can't keep me—you don't know what you're doing—let me go—let me go!' and again she screamed and struggled; and what even surprised Mick himself at the time, was, that, during all the noise and disturbance, his mother or the child never awoke.

"'Shout and wrestle as long as you please,' sez Mick, growing quite stout, 'I'm determined you shan't leave me.'

"'Let me out, I desire you,' she cried again, 'it will be worse for yourself if you don't,—you cannot keep me, let me go.'

"'Why then, *duoul a cuish*, (devil a foot), sez Mick, 'nor the devil a hair I care whether it's for worse or better—I have you now, and keep you I will.'

"'Oh! Mick, Mick, you don't know what you're doing!' sez she, 'and its destroying me out and out you are.'

"'It's destroyed you are already,' sez he, 'and it's myself that's destroyed, and your poor child that's destroyed, and its destroyed and ruined, every mother's soul of us is. Oh! Maihri, Maihri, have you any tenderness in your heart, or has the good nature and kindness left the world?'

"'All nonsense now, Mick,' sez she—'let me go, let me go.'

"'The red devil burn if I do,' sez Mick, 'there now.'

"'There's them that will soon make you, to your sore cost, Mick,' sez she; 'so for your own sake, and the sake of your child, let me go to my destination, Mick Mulryan.'

"'May shame and sorrow light on me first!' sez Mick; 'I'll die where I am, along with you. I don't care if all the fairies in the Forth of Balinlerry, and the seven counties to boot, were dancing round me on the floor this minute. Never will I part you until you first tell me what I am to do to restore you to your own house,

your child, and your husband: here the cock clapt his wings and crew three times.

"Oh! what will become of me?" she cried. "Oh! that's my own Mick, my own kind good Mick!" so she told him, and let him in to the whole secret of the way he was to take to recover her—then he let her go, and 'Whin' she past like a blast of winter's wind singing through a ruined wall, or sighing over a grave.

"As soon as the night fell dark, Mick Mulryan set off by himself to the Forth of Billinderry. He walked round it three times, and then sat down on the left-hand side of the gap facing towards the west. There he collected a heap of stones; and there he remained through the long hours in darkness, and exposed to the beating rain until the middle of the night, the hour when one day dies and the next is born. Suddenly the wind ceased to blow, and the rain swept off down the sky; and though there was no moon shining, yet the blackness had left the sky, and light white clouds played along the face of heaven. It was then that Mick heard music and merriment, and loud laughter inside the Forth, as if a thousand persons were enjoying themselves at a fair or a pattern, or some grand and great place of amusement. He listened; he could not tell what sort of instruments the musicians used, but he could plainly hear the patter of a great number of little feet, as if they were dancing. After some time the music stopped, and a great bustle followed, and in a few moments more a troop of horsemen wheeled round the Forth at full gallop, waving their swords about their heads as if they were going to cut each other into pieces. They were all shining over with silver and gold, and they dashed past him through the gap like a whirlwind. Then came a company of lords and ladies, dressed in silks and satins, and blazing with jewels and diamonds, followed by a great band of music all on horseback. These also swept out on the gap without once looking to where Mick stood, half screened by the heavy bough of a sycamore. Then came the king and queen, followed by another great company of lords and ladies, brighter and grander than those that went before. Mick watched them one by one as they passed, without saying one word, as he was bid, until, last of all, he saw his own Maihri seated on a white horse, and a haggard-wrinkled witch of a little child in her arms. Mick's heart was leaping in his breast. He fixed his eyes on her without winking; and as she rode up he saw her blue eyes glisten, and she smiled as she used to do, while his blood boiled through his veins. He leapt out, clasped his arms round her, and lifted her from her fairy side-saddle. "Now you are mine, at any rate," sez he; "you are long enough keeping company with these decent people, and it's time to come home along with me."

"At once there arose such a noise and an uproar all about him, that he thought the last day of the world was come before its time. The thunder roared above his head, the lightning flashed in his eyes, and the wind howled and raved as if it would tear up the big trees by the roots. Still Mick, though terribly startled (as well he might be), found his heart firm the more as he felt poor Maihri's beating against his side, and panting like a poor little frightened bird.

Then the soldiers galloped up, with the king at their head. "Shoot the villain through the head," sez one. "Hew the scoundrel into mince-meat for the scald crows," sez another. "Let forty of you ride over the rascal and trample him to death," sez another. "Throw a big tree on him," sez the queen. "Split his skull to the teeth," sez the king; and one after another shouted above twenty different sorts of death for Mick. But he never minded the noise or the roaring; but clasping Maihri tighter, he turned his back on them, and began to throw the stones he had collected with his left hand over his right shoulder toward them. Soon he heard one fellow crying out, "Murder, murder, I'm kilt!" "My eye is knocked out; I'm blinded forever," sez another. "My leg is broke; I'm a cripple," sez another. "Oh!" shouted the king, "the ragamuffin has broke my back." "Then, by my royal crown," sez the queen, "your highness is now reduced to the rank of a lord." "Stop, stop, Mick Mulryan," sez the general, "what is it you want?—what brought you here?" "I'll tell you what I want, ladies and gentlemen all," sez Mick; "I want but my own, and I have her now, and I'll die on the spot where I stand before I part her again—so in the name of God, his holy Mother, and the whole of the blessed Saints and Angels at their back, let me and mine alone, and we'll let you and yours alone, and that's a fair fool's bargain."

"Well, then, a bargain let it be, Mick Mulryan," sez the king of the fairies; "you're a stout fellow Mick, and its not *you* we blame; take your wife and our good will along with her, we'll never disturb you or yours again, but those who prompted you to *this* will suffer for it. Lay our child down on the grass behind you, and go your ways."

"Maihri laid the child down softly, it was taken away, and the whole train swept along like a blast of the storm, and left Mick and his Maihri alone in the gap of the Forth. "Come, come away, my own brave and kind Mick," sez Maihri; "come to our own home, now, I am yours, and you are mine forever and ever, Amin!"

"The faithful Mick took his Maihri home, and long and happy were their days; their family was one of the finest and largest in the kingdom of Ireland. But *Shuain na mona!* it was a true word the king of the fairies said, Judith suffered for all, for she was found the next morning stiff stone dead in a bog-hole, though her head, people say, was above the water, her eyes open, and her long gray hair floating about. The crowner's conquest was held on her, too, and they gave it their *vardy* as accident; but there were people knew better than the crowner or men, and that was Mick and Maihri Mulryan, for they waked her comfortably, and buried her decent."

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WHEN a young man has once acquired a taste for reading, and, as a matter of course, a relish also for intellectual pleasures, he is possessed of one of the best preservatives against the health-destroying vices of dissipation. A fondness for company and noisy, intemperate pleasures is very generally the consequence of ignorance and want of taste.

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

BY JOHN KEATS.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and of Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 Forever piping songs forever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,  
 Forever panting and forever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
 To what green altar, oh mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dress'd?  
 What little town by river or sea-shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attie shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

## THE FLYING HEAD:

## A LEGEND OF SACONDAGA LAKE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE country about the head waters of the great Mohegan, though abounding in game and fish, was never, in the recollection of the oldest Indians living, nor in that of their fathers' fathers, the permanent residence of any one tribe. From the savage shores of the Scroon, where the eastern fork takes its rise, to the silver strand of lake Pleasant, through which the western branch makes its way after rising in Sacondaga lake, the wilderness that intervenes, and all the mountains round about the fountain heads of the great river, have from time immemorial been infested by a

class of beings with whom no good man would ever wish to come in contact.

The young men of the Mohawk have, indeed, often traversed it, when, in years gone by, they went on the war-path after the hostile tribes of the north; and the scattered and wandering remnants of their people, with an occasional hunting party from the degenerate bands that survive at St. Regis, will yet occasionally be tempted over these haunted grounds in quest of the game that still finds a refuge in that mountain region. The evil shapes that were formerly so troublesome to the red hunter, seem in these later days to have become less restless at his presence; and, whether it be that the day of their power has gone by, or that their vindictiveness has relaxed at witnessing the fate which seems to be universally overtaking the people whom they once delighted to persecute—certain it is that the few Indians who now find their way to this part of the country are never molested except by the white settlers, who are slowly extending their clearings among the wild hills of the north.

The Flying Head, which is supposed to have first driven the original possessors of these hunting grounds, whosoever they were, from their homes, and which, as long as tradition runneth back in the old day before the whites came hither, guarded them from the occupancy of every neighboring tribe, has not been seen for many years by any credible witness; though there are those who insist that it has more than once appeared to them hovering, as their fathers used to describe it, over the lake in which it first had its birth. The existence of this fearful monster, however, has never been disputed. Rude representations of it are still occasionally met with in the crude designs of those degenerate aborigines who earn a scant subsistence by making birchen baskets and ornamented pouches for travelers, who are curious in their manufacture of wampum and porcupine quills; and the origin and history of the Flying Head survives, while even the name of the tribe whose crimes first called it into existence has passed away forever.

It was a season of great severity with that forgotten people whose council fires were lighted on the mountain promontory that divides Sacondaga from the sister lake into which it discharges itself.

A long and severe winter with but little snow, had killed the herbage at its roots, and the moose and deer had trooped off to the more luxuriant pastures along the Mohawk, whither the hunters of the hills dared not follow them. The fishing too failed; and the famine became so devouring among the mountains, that whole families, who had no hunters to provide for them, perished outright. The young men would no longer throw the slender product of the chase into the common stock, and the women and children had to maintain life as well they could upon the roots and berries the woods afforded them.

The sufferings of the tribe became at length so galling that the young and enterprising began to talk of migrating from the ancient seat of their people; and as it was impossible, surrounded as they were by hostile tribes, merely to shift their hunting grounds for a season and return to them at some more auspicious period, it was proposed

that if they could effect a secret march to the great lake off to the west of them, they should launch their canoes upon Ontario, and all move away to a new home beyond its broad waters. The wild rice, of which some had been brought into their country by a runner from a distant nation, would, they thought, support them in their perilous voyage along the shores of the great water where it grows in such profusion; and they believed that, once safely beyond the lake, it would be easy enough to find a new home abounding in game, upon those flowery plains which, as they had heard, lay like one immense garden beyond the chain of inland seas.

The old men of the tribe were indignant at the bare suggestion of leaving the bright streams and sheltered valleys, amid which their spring-time of life had passed so happily. They doubted the existence of the garden regions of which their children spoke; and they thought that if there were indeed such a country, it was madness to attempt to reach it in the way proposed. They said, too, that the famine was a scourge which the Master of Life inflicted upon his people for their crimes—that if its pains were endured with the constancy and firmness that became warriors, the visitation would soon pass away; but that those who fled from it would only war with their destiny, and that chastisement would follow them, in some shape, wheresoever they might flee. Finally, they added, that they would rather perish by inches on their native hills—they would rather die that moment, than, leaving them forever, to revel in plenty upon stranger plains.

"Be it so—they have spoken!" exclaimed a fierce and insolent youth, springing to his feet and casting a furious glance around the council as the aged chief, who had thus addressed it, resumed his seat. "Be the dotards' words their own, my brothers—let them die for the crimes they have even now acknowledged. We know of none, our unsullied summers have yet had to blush for. It is they that have drawn this curse upon our people—it is for them that our vitals are consuming with anguish, while our strength wastes away in the search of sustenance we cannot find—or which, when found, we are compelled to share with those for whose misdeeds the Great Spirit hath placed it far from us. They have spoken—let them die. Let them die, if we are to remain, to appease the angry Spirit; and the food that now keeps life lingering in their shriveled and useless carcasses may then nerve the limbs of our young hunters, or keep our children from perishing. Let them die, if we are to move hence, for their presence will but bring a curse upon our path—their worn-out frames will give way upon the march, and the raven that hovers over their corse, guide our enemies to the spot, and scent them like wolves upon our trail. Let them die; my brothers, and, in that they are still our tribes-men, let us give them the death of warriors—and that before we leave this ground."

And with these words the young barbarian, pealing forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of the old man nearest to him. The infernal yell was echoed on every side—a dozen flint hatchets were instantly raised by as many remorseless arms, and the massacre was

wrought before one of those thus horribly sacrificed could interpose a plea of mercy. But for mercy they would not have pleaded, had opportunity been afforded them. For even in the moment that intervened between the cruel sentence and its execution, they managed to show that stern resignation to the decrees of fate which an Indian warrior ever exhibits when death is near; and each of the seven old men that perished thus barbarously, drew his wolf-skin mantle around his shoulders and nodded his head as if inviting the death-blow that followed.

The parricidal deed was done; and it now became a question, how to dispose of the remains of those whose lamp of life, while twinkling in the socket, had been thus fearfully quenched forever. The act, though said to have been of not unfrequent occurrence among certain Indian tribes at similar exigencies, was one utterly abhorrent to the nature of most of our aborigines; who, from their earliest years, are taught the deepest reverence for the aged. In the present instance, likewise, it had been so outrageous a perversion of their customary views of duty among this simple people, that it was thought but proper to dispense with their wonted mode of sepulture, and dispose of the victims of famine and fanaticism in some peculiar manner. They wished in some way to sanctify the deed, by offering up the bodies of the slaughtered to the Master of Life, and that without dishonoring the dead. It was therefore agreed to decapitate the bodies and burn them; and as the nobler part could not, when thus dissevered, be buried with the usual forms, it was determined to sink the heads together in the bottom of the lake.

The soulless trunks were accordingly consumed and the ashes scattered to the winds, and the heads were then deposited singly, in separate canoes, which pulled off in a kind of procession from the shore. The young chief who had suggested the bloody scene of the sacrifice, rowed in advance, in order to designate the spot where they were to disburden themselves of their gory freight. Resting then upon his oars, he received each head in succession from his companions, and proceeded to tie them together by their scalp-locks, in order to sink the whole, with a huge stone, to the bottom. But the vengeance of the Master of Life overtook the wretch before his horrid office was accomplished; for no sooner did he receive the last head into his canoe, than it began to sink—his feet became entangled in the hideous chain he had been knotting together, and before his horror-stricken companions could come to his rescue, he was dragged shrieking to the bottom. The others waited not to see the water settle over him, but pulled with their whole strength for the shore.

The morning dawned calmly upon that unhalloved water, which seemed at first to show no traces of the deed it had witnessed the night before. But gradually, as the sun rose higher, a few gory bubbles appeared to float over one smooth and turbid spot, which the breeze never crisped into a ripple. The parricides sat on the bank watching it all day; but sluggish, as at first, that sullen blot upon the fresh blue surface still remained. Another day passed over their heads, and the thick stain was yet there. On the third

day the floating slime took a greener hue, as if colored by the festering mass beneath: but coarse fibres of darker dye marbled its surface; and on the fourth day these began to tremble along the water like weeds growing from the bottom, or the long tresses of a woman's scalp floating in a pool when no wind disturbs it. The fifth morning came, and the conscience-stricken watchers thought that the spreading scalp—for such now all agreed it was—had raised itself from the water, and become rounded at the top as if there were a head beneath it. Some thought, too, that they could discover a pair of hideous eyes glaring beneath the dripping locks. They looked on the sixth, and there indeed was a monstrous head floating upon the surface, as if anchored to the spot, around which the water—notwithstanding a blast which swept the lake—was calm and motionless as ever.

Those bad Indians then wished to fly, but the doomed parricides had not now the courage to encounter the warlike bands through which they must make their way in fleeing from their native valley. They thought, too, that as nothing about the head except the eyes had motion, it could not harm them, resting quietly as it did upon the bosom of the waters. And though it was dreadful to have that hideous gaze fixed forever upon their dwellings, yet they thought that if the Master of Life meant this as an expiation for their frenzied deed, they would strive to live on beneath those unearthly glances without shrinking or complaint.

But a strange alteration had taken place in the floating head on the morning of the seventh day. A pair of broad wings, ribbed like those of a bat, and with claws appended to each tendon, had grown out during the night; and, buoyed up by these, it seemed to be now resting on the water. The water itself appeared to ripple more briskly near it, as if joyous that it was about to be relieved of its unnatural burthen; but still for hours the head maintained its first position. At last the wind began to rise, and, driving through the trough of the sea, beneath their expanded membrane, raised the wings from the surface, and seemed for the first time to endow them with vitality. They flapped harshly once or twice upon the waves, and the head rose slowly and heavily from the lake.

An agony of fear seized upon the gazing parricides, but the supernatural creation made no movement to injure them. It only remained balancing itself over the lake, and casting a shadow from its wings that wrapped the valley in gloom. But dreadful was it beneath their withering shade to watch that terrific monster, hovering like a falcon for the stoop, and know not upon what victim it might descend. It was then that they who had sown the gory seed from which it sprung to life, with one impulse sought to escape its presence by flight. Herding together like a troop of deer when the panther is prowling by, they rushed in a body from the scene. But the flapping of the demon pinions was soon heard behind them, and the winged head was henceforth on their track wheresoever it led.

In vain did they cross one mountain barrier after another—plunge into the rocky gorge or thread the mazy swamp to escape their fiendish

watcher. The Flying Head would rise on tireless wings over the loftiest summit, or dart in arrowy flight through the narrowest passes without furling its pinions; while their sullen thrashing would be heard even in those vine-webbed thickets, where the little ground bird can scarcely make its way. The very caverns of the earth were no protection to the parricides from its presence; for scarcely would they think they had found a refuge in some sparry cell, when, poised midway between the ceiling and the floor, they would behold the Flying Head glaring upon them. Sleeping or waking, the monster was ever near—they paused to rest, but the rushing of its wings, as it swept around their resting-place in never-ending circles, prevented them from finding forgetfulness in repose; or, if in spite of those blighting pinions that ever fanned them, fatigue did at moments plunge them in uneasy slumbers, the glances of the Flying Head would pierce their very eyelids, and steep their dreams in horror.

What was the ultimate fate of that band of parricides no one has ever known. Some say that the Master of Life kept them always young, in order that their capability of suffering might never wear out; and these insist that the Flying Head is still pursuing them over the great prairies of the Far West. Others aver that the glances of the Flying Head turned each of them gradually into stone, and these say that their forms, though altered by the wearing of the rains in the lapse of long years, may still be recognized in those upright rocks which stand like human figures along the shores of some of the neighboring lakes; though most Indians have another way of accounting for these figures. Certain it is, however, that the Flying Head always comes back to this part of the country about the times of the Equinox; and some say even that you may always hear the flapping of its wings whenever such a storm as that we have just weathered is brewing."

The old hunter had finished his story; but my companions were still anxious that he should protract the narrative, and give us the account of the grotesque forms to which he had alluded as being found among these hills. These, however, he told us more properly belonged to another legend, which he subsequently related, and which I may hereafter endeavor to recall.

## PRINCESS MATILDA AND PRINCE MORTERIO.

### A SARACEN TALE.

IN the reign of Caliph al Walid, Tareck Ebu Zarka, who was his victorious commander, conquered Granada and most of Spain, which was then so rich, that Tareck out of his immense spoils, built on the banks of the Darro a castle of massy silver. At his death he bequeathed his castle and riches to Haygag his elder, and the most of his territories to Morterio, his younger son. Haygag was an astrologer and a true Musulman. What he prized most was his talisman, and the sword of his father presented him by the prophet Mahomet, called Seif min soyuf Allah,



or one of the swords of God, which, when drawn and pointed at any human being, instantly divided the soul from the body. He had also the Table of Solomon, son of David, one of the trophies taken from the Goths, on which was engraven much of the knowledge and wisdom of Solomon, and by it he had acquired most of his astrological information. In consequence of an earthquake, which all Spain is subject to, the castle, with Haygag, disappeared in one night, leaving nothing but a luminous flame, which hung over a large waste of water, to mark the spot where once it stood. Morterio would oft in his grief visit the groves and gardens of the silver castle, most of which were yet entire, lamenting the fate of his brother. One cool refreshing evening, walking near the borders of the lake, he was surprised to see a young lady of exquisite form lying asleep; her dress was of a texture unparalleled, which showed her to be a personage of distinguished rank. Her face and bosom bore the exact resemblance of pearl—her tresses were as of the finest gold, and waving in the wind. On a nearer approach, she seemed angelic, and more than mortal. Morterio kneeled down, and raised her head with his arm, but no sooner did he touch her, than her lovely face and form underwent severe agitation, and changed from pearl to real flesh and blood; yet her inimitable figure remained the same. Raising up her expressive eyes, Morterio was agreeably astonished to hear her say in great haste, "by your brother I know you to be Morterio; take this instantly, (undoing a talisman from her arm) put it round your wrist, it is the talisman of your brother Haygag; draw your sword and defend yourself and me." Morterio was never slow at this when necessary, and fortunately he had his rapier instead of the sabre which he generally wore. He had scarcely laid his hand on the hilt, when a misshapen monster of a man sprang out of the lake with a sword in his hand, which Morterio immediately recognised to be the Seif min soyuf Allah of his brother. "Thou Saracen regicide," cried the monster, "thou Mahometan dog, throw down that talisman, or thou perishest on the spot!" "Indeed," replied Morterio, "to receive a present from a lady and throw it away so soon—no, beast, I know thee, thou art Roderic the miscreant, and last king of the Goths; thou wert conquered by my father, and shalt die by his son." Morterio knew that the sword had not its peculiar effect on those who wore the talisman, yet he was aware of his antagonist's strength and the length of his sword, and that his policy was to stand on the defensive at the onset, lest he might run upon his enemy's point. But the conflict was short, for in all Spain there was not one who could equal Morterio for skill and presence of mind; with his left hand he flung his turban in the face of Roderic, which threw him off his guard—at the same moment, making a desperate lunge, which Roderic no sooner felt the effects of than he gave an acute scream, plunged into the lake, and disappeared. Morterio, with the greatest coldness, wiping his sword, said, "by the soul of Mahomet, he has had the longest half of it!"

Though Morterio was of a very sanguine disposition, with passions of the highest temperature, and who had never seen a woman yet who

could control him, yet he found for her the first time, an indescribable something which humbled and impressed his mind with a sense of inferiority; hesitating, he approached the lady, and said, "to whom, lady of bright eyes, is your slave so highly indebted?" "The lady, coloring more beautifully than the carmine of the rose, replied, "Morterio, our obligations are reciprocal, and I consider it would be highly imprudent in me, at this arduous moment, to withhold from you the truth. I am Matilda, of Toledo, of whom you may have heard, the daughter of Musa Abouabdoula, the commander, who has so oft fought in conjunction with your noble father."

The circumstances which had placed Matilda in the power of the magician, were, as follows: Haygag, who was in the decline of life, and of debilitated frame from intense study, had heard of the beauty and virtue of Matilda, and had written privately to her father, saying that nothing would give him so much happiness as to see his brother united to Matilda; thus would the two families, who had so oft fought in concert, be more strongly linked together. Musa, with his daughter, consequently visited the silver castle. On their arrival, the prudent old warrior began thus: "Haygag, let it be distinctly understood that if this union is not effected, no misunderstanding is to take place subversive of the present connexion of our two families, which would be dangerous to the cause in Spain. I must be ingenuous, and inform you that it took some of a father's authority to induce Matilda to pay this visit, from some reports affecting Morterio's character, which, as a father should do, I inquired into, and have explained away; I promise, therefore, for Matilda, as I hope you will do for Morterio, that if any unpleasant ideas or reports respecting themselves remain or enter their minds, that they are candidly to communicate them to each other, so that they may have an opportunity for mutual exculpation. I am an old soldier, and consider this one of the principal articles of the treaty." To this Haygag readily consented, as for any reason there was for Matilda explaining herself, he knew by her virtuous planet it was unnecessary, and for Morterio, his faults lay in his head and not in his heart. Haygag had commenced a letter to his brother Morterio, who resided at a short distance, when in a moment he started up in convulsive agitation—"Your presence made me forget myself—you have come in my evil hour—my planet has been eclipsed by that of my mortal enemy for upwards of ten seconds—Matilda, take that talisman, and for one you are comparatively safe—let me get the sword of my father in my hand, and all will be well." He then ran to a stone chest, which he no sooner opened, than the monster Roderic appeared, and cried "thou Saracen dog, I have thee!" seized the sword out of the chest, and threw Haygag into it, then pointing the sword at him, shut the lid. He now came up to Musa, "This is unexpected revenge: I have now, for the first time, in my power the great instrument and assister in the destruction of my kingdom. Hear me, for I have no time to parley—there is thy daughter, give her me, and thy existence shall be spared." "To thee!—no!—never will I submit my blood to be united with that of a conquered Goth, and an

unbeliever!" "Then take that," and pointing the sword to Musa, the brave old general was instantly bereft of reason. The voice of Haygag now restored the almost expiring spirit of Matilda. "Matilda, take care of that talisman, bind it round thy arm, and he can only take possession of our bodies; he has no control over the soul, except that it cannot go far from the body; he can do nothing to thee but change thy body into pearl, neither can he, nor dare he in this place offer thee the slightest insult; and whenever thou art touched by mortal, thou wilt regain thy former person. Remember the words of the Koran, 'be not grieved, for God is with us.'"

Matilda, leaning on her lover's arm, had now arrived at the palace of Morterio, who began to hope that his brother still existed, and was on the point of inquiring, when Matilda withdrew to arrange her dress, but no sooner did she leave the protecting arm of Morterio, than the waters of the Darro rose in a torrent and rushed into the palace—they as soon subsided, but the beautiful, the fascinating, virtuous Matilda was gone! Morterio was left distracted. He upbraided himself for not returning the talisman, as there was every reason to suspect that the magician or his evil genii had taken this advantage, and swept her away. For a length of time he could hear no tidings of his love; his fiery temper had given way to melancholy, and his health was visibly declining. Both day and night he had wandered among the orange groves of the silver castle, calling on her name, but nothing was to be seen except the ball of fire, which was the terror of the inhabitants.

One night the place was remarkably illuminated. It was occasioned by two balls, one above the other. The lower one was more brilliant than any ever yet seen—the other was of a dark red color. Morterio kept on his sabre, and also buckled on his rapier, and repaired to the spot with a determination, being an excellent swimmer, to try the depth of the lake, or perish. No sooner did he plunge into the water than he was surrounded by the radiance of the lower light, and the well-known voice of his brother was heard: "Morterio, dive, or the red flame will be upon you, and burn you to ashes." The red flame came down like lightning, but Morterio was immersed—his brother's voice continued: "The talisman will enable you to live in water, dive on, and follow the point of your sword—it is now the sword of direction to the mortal body of the magician, having been dipped in his blood. As soon as you come to a ring, raise up the door, and the water will rush in; but stand out of the way of the aperture, and let the red flame pass you—it is the flame of Roderic." Morterio, by his sword, found the ring, and the door opened with ease. The water then rushed down with tremendous noise, and after it, the execrated flame of Roderic. The voice of Haygag now said, "Welcome, brother! this night the planet of Roderic is eclipsed by mine, and at that time only can I appear on earth, but not out of the bounds of this place, neither can I make myself visible. Roderic's chief power rests in his having got possession of the magnet of Mahomet, by which he has command over the Spirit of the Waters, which is much augmented by our father's sword

and the table of Solomon, but the Spirit will not obey him until the eclipse is off his planet, therefore we must be speedy: that chasm goes past the centre of the earth, leap down and fear not, my soul will follow you." Morterio, a stranger to fear, sprang in, and kept falling for a considerable time, when his velocity was retarded, and he vibrated up and down until his sword pointed at a door, which steadied him. His brother's voice now said—"My soul can go no further. You have now arrived at the bottom of the great inhabited ocean, follow your sword, and strike at every one who dares to come too near you—but beware of the Seif min soyuf Allah, as soon as it crosses yours, it will be wielded by an invisible hand. You will find me in the stone chest, which stands as it did in my Bibalmazar, or Place of Conference, where you will also find your loving and beloved Matilda with her father—we will all regain our former bodies the moment you touch us. When you open that door, allow that light to come gradually on your sight, lest it affect your eyes. I have every reliance on your courage, and now may our holy prophet preserve you." The door opened through a rock—the scene was dazzlingly light, grand, and magnificent, far surpassing any thing which could possibly exist on the face of the earth. On a bank of scarlet coral there stood the silver castle of his brother in a world of water—diversified aquatic trees and plants of various hues loaded with unknown fruits and flowers were waving in luxuriant abundance—the fantastic avenues, leading to grottos of bewildering splendor, were laid with pearls and shells of exquisite lustre—distant hills of prismatic crystal and variegated coral encompassed the scene—and at a greater distance still, stood the rugged foundations of islands whose summits reached the terrestrial world. Above this brilliant watery atmosphere, which was impervious to the lead of the marine traveller, the natives of the deep were seen in their green element sporting like birds and glittering like stars—numerous groups of enchanting females addressed Morterio on his approach to the castle, some of them evidently personifying his love; but it was beyond the power of the magician to find a form so beautiful as Matilda—two cavaliers next pretended they had an affair of honor to settle, and requested his presence to see fair play: he drew his sabre with his left hand, and peremptorily told them to stand off—a fine hunting horse now appeared in view, but nothing could divert his attention until he arrived at the Biblacha, or first gate of the castle. There hung the magnet of Mahomet, a massy bar of polished steel, appearing ready to descend and crush to atoms any one who dared approach. It was impossible to see by what it was suspended; but Morterio's sword of direction pointed to a certain place, which induced him to suppose it was supported there. He flung his keen-edged sabre at the spot, when the magnet fell with the reverberating sound of thunder, and now the most horrid sounds and imprecations were heard in all parts of the castle. With the nerve of a lion he entered, and was again assailed by females more beautiful than ever, who welcomed him, and wished to embrace him. He kept them off at sword's point, and passed them, when one and

all assumed the most hideous forms. At this moment the sword of Mahomet crossed his—the most anxious moment in his life—as all and every one he held most dear depended now on courage. The appalling horrid sounds increased—the conflict was begun—Mortorio made a lounge at the place where he imagined the body was, and missed it; but his aim had nearly proved fatal, as his enemy only slightly guarded it. Happily his antagonist's sword was not well directed, or infallibly he would have been impaled. Mortorio had been taught some desperate manœuvres by a christian, which he was now resolved to put in practice. Keeping his body in the same direction, and drawing his left foot imperceptibly up to his right, he made a feint as if to strike low on the outside of his adversary's sword. This was guarded; Mortorio threw in his left side, and seized the sword wrist of his adversary with his left hand. His enemy gave an agonized howl, assumed his real shape, and made a similar grasp at Mortorio's sword arm; but he had too much of the lightning of his father in him, as he turned his sword of direction behind his back, stabbed the beast to the heart, and then threw upon the floor the yelling, dying, dead Roderic, the miscreant. His first care was to wring the sword out of his death grasp. The horrid sounds now ceased, and were succeeded by the softest music. Mortorio immediately repaired to the Bibalmazar, where he found his Matilda with her father and his brother. Not to dwell on the distressing scene or the ecstasy which succeeded, suffice it that he quickly restored them. Now the voice of the prophet Mahomet was heard: "Haygag, thou must leave the magnet, for with it thou wilt have more power than mortal man should be possessed of—take nothing but thine own, and I will transport thee to the place from whence thou came. Then purify the castle by fire, for the castle of my Tarek Ebn Zarka is defiled by infidels—next build a palace for the residence of Mortorio and Matilda, fit for the future monarchs of Granada." The castle rose quickly through the water—the earth closed, and left it in its former situation. Haygag strictly followed the desire of Mahomet, by melting down the castle, and building in its place the Alhambra, which at this day stands in Granada, an evidence of enchantment, and the wonder of the world.

## DUELLING.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

THERE are many silly persons who imagine honor is connected with and may be acquired by a well fought duel, and they "hold their manhood cheap" unless they have singed powder in earnest and fired a shot in anger; the weight of a man's blood on their conscience presses no heavier than a hare's foot on velvet. They pass their noviciate in Shooting Galleries, practising steadily day after day with unwearied constancy and devotion, with a pistol, at little images of plaster of Paris Napoleons. At first, in their innocence at killing, the plastic warrior is unscathed, and the novice blushes at his want of skill. By degrees, however, the bullet nears the little image of the

great master of the iniquitous art of war. Anxious smiles now decorate the mouth of the incipient duellist, and ultimately the image is shattered at command. Perfection acquired in his art, and relying upon his practice, he becomes careless of offending the feelings of others; and at length he meets with one incapable of receiving an affront without seeking redress, and a meeting is soon arranged. With murderous alacrity the whole proceeding is completed, and perhaps one or both falls a sacrifice to what the "world" considers "high notions of honor."

The short space of time in which a man is in danger when fighting a pistol duel, enables many who possess but a very limited share of daring to stand up in the lists, and to appearance pass off as men of courage; as by one of the laws of duelling it is incumbent on the seconds to place their principals in position after being on the ground ten minutes, (it is often done in a shorter period,) and there is much humanity in the speed, or their valor, like Bob Acres's, might perchance ooze away. Therefore the hurry in which these "affairs of honor," or these "genteel and honorable modes of settling disputes," are often arranged, allows no time for reflection, and enables a man in possession of a palpitating heart and trembling knee, to pull a trigger at command, who would be incapable of defending himself against a swordsman, or of using a sword himself with any share of success; and there can be no doubt that countless poltroons have been converted into heroes by pistol duelling, which they have fought under the influence of dissembled anger and real fear.

It is a subject of deep regret that many eminent civilians, and also many valuable and distinguished officers in the service of every country, believe that no brave man would, or could, decline a challenge, nor resist the opportunity of giving one, if he conceived his feelings had been insulted, or his rights trespassed upon; and who, by resorting to the pistol, give a countenance to duelling detrimental to the best interests of society. The equity of the proceeding, however, cannot be made apparent; for if a man of a quarrelsome disposition insult another without provocation, what right has he to expect the unoffending person to stoop to his level, and place his life in jeopardy, merely for the gratification of his whim, spleen, vanity, malice, or any other low, degrading feeling which may induce him to commit a criminal action?

Envy, revenge, and other debasing feelings have been a fruitful source of bloodshed; and no duel was ever fought, having for its end and aim the happy termination of bad feeling, or the adjustment of a quarrel, which could not have been far better arranged by reason and argument than by shooting at men; and in no state of society, except a savage state, can a man be said to be called upon to take upon himself, in open defiance of the law, the remedy of injuries and the revenge of wrongs done to himself and others. As a savage, he may consider he has a right to do so, as great as that of cultivating friendship; but arguments adapted to men in that untutored condition are inapplicable to educated man; and civilization, with her attendant humanities, has done but little for us, if the differences of opinion which may

happen to arise in society can be arranged only by brute force or an appeal to the pistol.

The foregoing remarks were thrown together as a prelude to the recital of the two following duels: they are given here to show the failure of the desired object—satisfaction, honor, or even vanity, or any of the fallacious terms appended to duelling; and also in the sincere hope, that, however humble the attempt may be considered, it will have some effect in checking the insane practice.

The following is a short account of a duel fought by two young midshipmen, to satisfy the notions of honor of an officer in the ship in which the quarrel occurred.

#### THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.

WE lay at anchor in a sloop of war, in a snug cove in the southern part of the Malay peninsula, into which we had run to repair trifling damages done to our standing rigging. I was then a youngster, and my opponent was the dearest friend I had on board. We slept in the same berth, a very confined place, and our light and air came in through a scuttle in the ship's side. My cot was close to this opening, and my friend slept in another outside mine. One night, after an unusually hot day, a dispute arose between us, whether the scuttle should be left open for the admission of air or not, and certainly very inconsiderate language passed between us. However, it was only a boys' quarrel, and it was arranged that my messmate should sleep next the scuttle, and have it open or shut, just as he pleased; and when the morning sun arose, none were better friends than we.

Unhappily our disagreement had been overheard by a superior officer, who sent for me into his cabin on the following morning. This person was a good seaman, and possessed what the world calls high notions of honor. He soon informed me that he was acquainted with all that had occurred between us; and expressing regret that such language had passed between gentlemen, desired to know how we had arranged it. I told him, simply by allowing my friend to sleep in my cot, and we were then as good friends as any in the ship.

"Then, sir," said this advocate of honor, "if that is the way it is to terminate, I beg to desire you will not put your feet under my mahogany again, and that all communications except those relating to duty cease between us."

I left the cabin astonished at the turn the affair had taken, and was surprised to find another attaching an importance to circumstances which appeared to me so trifling.

However, upon consulting with the other officers, I discovered, unless I called out my friend, and shot at him, they would imitate the example of their superior, and I felt I should be despised by all on board. At my inexperienced age it was not surprising I implicitly adopted the opinions of the elder officers, most of whom were veterans in comparison to myself. No time was allowed for reflection, and no one to advise with if there had been; and firmly believing that I was acting the part of an honorable man, I sent a challenge, demanding a meeting on shore at six o'clock the

same evening, to afford me "satisfaction" for the insults my friend had offered me the night previous.

The stern ideas of honor which swayed our punctilious superiors prevented an apology, and nothing but a hostile meeting could make us friendly again, or wash away the supposed stains upon our characters.

The day wore away rapidly, and at the appointed hour a party of six, including my friend, (for so I called him, although by the opinions of others he was for the time converted into an imaginary foe,) jumped into the boat and made for the shore.

We soon reached the land, which was covered with luxuriant tropical foliage; the distance was curtained with mountains, whose swelling sides displayed a thousand different hues, and the whole spot was pregnant with myriads of animated things. The errand on which I came did not prevent my admiration of the beauties of nature. I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped the Being who had created such a place.

The short reverie was abruptly ended by my second, who placed the pistols in my hands: the distance was fixed, and trifling instructions delivered to each; when upon the signal being given, we both fired:—in an instant I felt as though I had been electrified, and finding myself wounded, was about to lean upon my second's arm, when I perceived my opponent fall upon the sand. My own wound was in the fleshy part of the thigh; it did not prevent my running up to the prostrate figure of my old friend, whose face exhibited intense pain, and kneeling down by his side I implored his forgiveness, which he instantly granted. My despair at his fate knew no bounds; and accusing myself of his murder, I upbraided, with the bitterest reproaches, those who urged me to send the challenge.

I thought do more of myself; all my care was given to the unfortunate victim of absurd notions of honor. With great difficulty we removed him to the boat and returned to the ship, when the surgeon minutely examined his wound and pronounced it dangerous. For weeks after, his cot was attended by his late opponent, whose greatest joy was to anticipate his wants; and the only consolation left him is the knowledge that his care preserved his life for a time.

The result of this deed upon the prospects of a promising young officer was of a very melancholy description. From the nature of the wound, (through the shoulder joint,) it became impossible for him to raise his arm for any serviceable purpose; his professional prospects were blasted for ever, and he retired from a service in which, had he been able to remain, there was every reasonable prospect of his becoming one of its ornaments, to die broken-hearted in his native land.

#### THE STUDENTS' DUEL.

THIS duel occurred in a German university town; the names here given are fictitious, the real names being withheld for various reasons; the circumstances, however, are strictly true.

The cause of the following melancholy tragedy was a woman, an opera dancer, possessing but a moderate share of talent in her vocation, but ma-



ny personal graces; she was also as artful and cunning as she was beautiful.

Her house was open to all the gay and idle, and the wild and dissipated young men frequenting the university she looked upon as her spoil. From them she gleaned a rich harvest, for many claimed to belong to the proudest families in Germany. To her natural beauties she added the capricious and flattering graces of the coquette; and she also possessed the deceitful and dangerous art of inspiring several suitors with violent attachments to her person at the same time. The Jewish King's description of persons of her class cannot be surpassed for fidelity:

"The lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smother than oil."

"But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."

"Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Among the many who paid their devotions to her shrine were two students, named Zabern and Ritter, and each believed he was the favored object of her choice; they of course regarded each other as inveterate foes. These young men became her dupes; and she fostered their mutual dislike, it is supposed, without reflecting upon the results. Very little was requisite to blow their pent-up and heated rancor into open hostility—and the crisis soon came. Zabern meeting Ritter on the stairs leading to her apartments, inquired in a haughty manner the nature of his business there; and the reply being equally haughty a blow from Zabern's cane struck Ritter to the ground. After some further altercation, they parted to meet again in a valley near the town, to fight until the death.

The following is a description of the murderous affair:

A circle is drawn upon the ground, the dimensions having been determined upon by the parties.

When the principals are in the circle, they are not allowed to retire from it, nor permitted to fire until the signal is given.

Immediately after the signal, they are permitted to fire at discretion, when they like, and also at what distance they like within the circumference of the ring, but on no pretence can they put a foot outside of it without violating the laws of the duel.

Let us suppose the principals armed, and in the circle anxiously waiting for the signal, and glowing with hatred and revenge. Near the circumference of the ring, and opposite to each other, stood the two principals, and upon hearing the word "fire," Ritter took aim and shot his ball into Zabern's chest, who staggered a few paces, but did not fall. By an effort almost superhuman, he turned slowly round, death strongly marked in his face, and staggering up to the place where Ritter stood, waiting his fate with apparent composure.

With calculating cruelty, Zabern pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the forehead of Ritter, and grinning a ghastly smile of mingled hatred and revenge, was in the act of pulling the trigger, when death arrested his finger, and uttering one loud agonizing scream he fell back upon the earth, the weapon exploding harmless in the air.

Doubtless the advocates of duelling will applaud the unshaken firmness of Ritter. Listen to the end. Though his opponent was dead, yet Ritter moved not; there he stood in the same fixed attitude; the only mark upon his person was, like Cain's, upon his brow. Zabern's pistol had left the impression of its muzzle—the dead man's brand was there. Physically, he had sustained no hurt, but mentally was he wounded past all redemption. The few short fleeting moments of the duel had crowded within their narrow compass the withering effects of an age. The intensity of his feelings in his trying situation had dethroned his reason, and from that hour he walked the earth "the statue of a man."

Original.

#### ORIGIN OF SHELL MUSIC.—TO ———.

BY C. DONALD M'LEOD.

I.

In a coral grot, sweet, 'neath the Indian sea,  
The Syrens were weaving a garland for thee:  
And their song gave it virtues of magical powers,  
Which lurk'd in the breath of its ocean-born flowers.  
'Twas gifted with beauty to charm every eye—  
To draw forth the passionate soul in a sigh,  
Till each bosom its mandate, to love, should obey,  
And the cestus of Venus should yield to its sway.

II.

A sea-nymph had heard every magical tone,  
And thought, could she make this strange garland her own,  
How supreme o'er the empire of hearts she would be,  
When the garland should hallow her Queen of the Sea.  
But ah! by the prospect of conquering warmed,  
She told of the wreath which the Syrens had formed:  
And they seized her in anger, and muttered a spell  
That forever imprisoned her form in a shell.

III.

In the prison of pearl where that sea-nymph was kept,  
The tones of her melody never have slept;  
But still you may hear her complaint murmured o'er,  
With a sound like the waves when they break on the shore.  
While the beautiful garland she strove for in vain,  
Hath left its dark home 'neath the Indian main,  
And our hearts must acknowledge its spells of the sea,  
And all earth's fascinations, are mingled in thee.

#### A TRUE STORY.

YEARS before the revolutionary war, there lived, in one of the interior counties of England, a couple of devoted lovers. In accordance with the universal experience of this fated class, trouble had laid her heavy hand on all their fond projects. Misfortunes had shorn the swain of his property, and parental authority had forbid the match. Madly attached to each other, their spirits could not sympathize with the worldly policy which forbid their union. They beheld, through love's flattering lens, boundless resources in each other; and in the felicitous picturings of their imaginations, dull care and pining want found no place.

Stolen interviews quickened the ardor of their attachment, and aggravated their apprehensions of a final separation. It was at a time when the whole country teemed with praises of the new world; when every adventurer was eager to embark his all, and attempt to resuscitate his droop-

ing fortunes by emigrating to the colonies; when the descriptions of Paradise had been rivaled by the glowing details of the unsurpassed fertility, the salubrity, the serenity, and the unearthly beauty of the home of the Puritans.

Is it wonderful, that in the romantic dreams of this fond and afflicted couple, this refuge of the persecuted should have figured largely? Viewing the world around them, composed of ambitious friends and jealous relatives, most inimical in their schemes of happiness, is it strange that they should think it a slight sacrifice to forego these connections, for the gratification of each other's society? This would afford consolation under the severest fortune. It had charms which could banish the gloom of the wilderness—possessed an influence that could silence the howling of the tempest.

Plans were laid to cross the watery deep—to unite their fates, and find a home in the new land, where no obstacle could obstruct the consummation of their wishes. To succeed this, it was necessary that their departures should be at different times, and their passages made in separate vessels. The young man boldly promulgated to his neighbors the secret of his disappointment, and the disgust which it had given him for the home of his childhood—the scene of his hopeless attachment; that, divested by this stroke of all the ties that bound him to his native land, he had determined to push his fortune in the new world, and to strive to discover in it that happiness which he never more could know in the old.

To the maiden, the announcement of his intentions, by officious gossips, carries apparently the greatest affliction. She mourns as one who cannot be comforted. Shut up in her apartment, she denies herself to all her friends, and refuses to partake of the food necessary to sustain life. This show of grief had the effect to soften, somewhat, the ire of the stubborn father—so much so, at least, that he consents to a last interview between them on the day previous to the departure of the adventurer, but in his presence. The untimely death of her lover could not provoke more violent indications of sorrow and despair, than were exhibited in this final meeting. Amid sobbing and tears, the ominous farewell is again and again repeated, till the indignant parent can only restrain his impatience by the reflection, that when at last it shall be pronounced, and the parting kiss exchanged, it will be final.

The lover, having suitably arranged his plans, shortly after set sail for America. The intelligence of his departure was the signal for the relaxation of the watchful vigilance which had been exercised toward his love. She was permitted to stroll through her favorite walks without restraint—to muse her hours in her romantic retreats. But her reflections were not always confined to joys that were past; brighter visions filled her soul, but for the realization of which much care and much suffering must be endured. While she manifested to her relations unceasing grief at the sad blow they had given to her prospects, secretly her mind was busy in plotting schemes to escape from them. With ceaseless diligence she labored to collect the necessary materials for her adventurous flight. At length, all her preparations being made, the time arrived to

put her plan into execution. Under pretence of visiting an aged aunt, whose residence was still further in the interior, she bid adieu to the scenes of childhood, and set out for the sea-coast. Fortune favored her enterprise. She reached the port from which she calculated to start, just as a small vessel bound for Boston was preparing to sail. She was fortunate enough to win, by her artless and interesting appearance, the good will of the captain; and assuring him of her eager desire to try her fortune in the new world, he granted her request, and placed her in a pleasant and but slightly laborious situation on board his vessel.

Prosperous gales soon bore the little bark to its destination; the anchor was dropped, the boat was launched, and in a few moments she found herself in a land of strangers, unknowing and unknown. Distracted by their bustle of business and the gaze of new faces, she but just retained sufficient recollection of herself to secure what few goods she had brought with her, and to accompany them to the place where her anxious lover had told her he should await her arrival. Words cannot express her painful surprise, when she learnt that no such one was, or had ever been there.

It so happened, by a very common occurrence on the seas at that period of navigation, that the vessel which contained her intended husband was driven, by a storm from its direct course; and while regaining its lost position with all due diligence, unfortunately encountered some unknown reefs, and was so much injured as to be compelled to sail to the nearest port, for the purpose of refitting. The delay occasioned by these accidents was the cause of the unexpected and astounding intelligence which met our heroine at a time when she fondly anticipated her struggles were over, and that she would soon be united for ever to him for whom she had undergone so much. For a time she was completely overcome by the new difficulties which encompassed her. But soon recollecting that the low state of her means would permit little delay in procuring a situation for her support, she cast about in her mind as to the practicability of obtaining a resting-place for the short period which must necessarily elapse ere the arrival of her lover. She soon recollected, that in the halcyon days of her love, ere the possibility of her present situation had been contemplated, frequent mention had been made, in her hearing, of some very remote connections, in extremely low fortunes, who had emigrated, nearly fifty years since, to New England, and whom, report said, a new fortune had befallen in the new world. Scores of acres were reported to smile with their harvests, and a long line of prosperous descendants to share their felicity. Although later news had brought intelligence of the death of the emigrants themselves, there was no question that their children still remained in their places; and to these humble branches of her family she determined to apply for support, till her present suspense should be terminated by intelligence of the fate of her lover. Anxious in mind and fatigued in body, she passed, by slow journeys, to the reputed abode of her relatives. She found them; but how like those nearer connections whose persecutions had driven her from

her once happy home!—how unlike what her expectation had fancied them! They received her coldly: they looked upon her as the representative of a proud group of haughty connections, who had once despised and trodden down their parents. They sneered at the romantic tale of her unfortunate love, and its miserable disappointment. She was told to seek elsewhere for hearts to sympathize with her fine and lady-like distresses; they knew of no place in their household for those who had been accustomed to eat the bread of idleness.

Repulsed by these declarations, she was set once more adrift on the world. Her courage rose with the difficulties she was forced to encounter. Influenced by a vague rumor which had reached her, that the wished-for vessel which contained all her earthly hopes had arrived in the distant port of New York—fearful that her lover would seek the appointed place of meeting, and not finding her there, would be ignorant of her fate, and uncertain what course to pursue for her discovery, she determined to retrace her steps, to regain the appointed place, and, by some means or other, to support herself till he should seek her. Too proud to ask the reluctant help of her relatives, she started, in the middle of a severe winter, on foot and alone, for the town of Boston. Almost famished, and entirely exhausted, she attained her object, and found—not her husband, but certain intelligence that report had not deceived her. He had reached New York, and immediately despatched a letter, addressed to her at the appointed place of meeting. It had arrived but a few days after she had started on her journey to the interior. But a fearful qualification was annexed to this otherwise cheering intelligence. A strange hand, on the self-same sheet, stated that her lover, quite sick at the time he landed from the vessel, had been taken worse, and was then in a most critical state of disease, raving with delirium, and calling incessantly, in his paroxysms, for her presence, to soothe his pains and receive his dying breath. Although nearly a month had elapsed since the arrival of the letter, and no further news had been received, could she wait to hear the result of so alarming a crisis? He might even then be enduring the death agony, and be calling, in tones of despair, for her ministering hand to perform the last offices of love and kindness. Her tale won the charities of a few neighboring inhabitants. The means for making the journey to the distant city were quickly furnished her, and for the third time she started in pursuit of her lover, but with more alarming apprehensions—more corroding care than at either time previous.

In those days, a week scarcely sufficed to overcome the miles which are now, by means of modern improvements, vanquished in a day. At the close of a day in which, from the unexampled severity of the weather, she had suffered all but death, the slow vehicle which conveyed her emerged from the woods on the upper part of the island of Manhattan, and soon after drew up at the house in which, her letter informed her, the object of her search lay sick. Disappointment again met her, but it was alleviated by the news that he lived. His constitution had baffled the attacks of the disease, and no sooner had he

gained sufficient strength to leave his bed, than his anxiety urged him to fly to meet her who had suffered so much for him, and who now, if she were arrived, must be suffering under the most painful apprehensions for his safety. He had consequently started for Boston on the very same day that she left it, and they had passed each other on the way, having stopped at the same house, mid-way, not more three hours apart.

Her means, furnished her by the hand of charity, already exhausted, she could neither afford to go nor stay. She was, moreover, worn out by fatigue and the hardships she had suffered. But gathering that her betrothed, at the time of his departure, was hardly able to stand—fearing equally a relapse into his former sickness, or that in his present invalid state, he would again start in pursuit of her on his arrival at Boston, she resolved to return immediately, even were she compelled to provide the means by that last resort—at which her high sensibilities had ever revolted—begging. But love—ardent, anxious love, conquers all scruples. She started on her return, and pursued it, through almost unparalleled difficulties, with the aid which her earnest solicitations were able to procure her along the route.

Upon the last day of the second month after her landing on the shores of New England, every hour of which had been spent in unceasing pursuit of her lover, she at length reached the spot where all that was mortal of him reposed in the stillness of death. The fatigue of a journey undertaken before sufficient strength had been acquired to resist its trials, together with anxiety and surprise at not finding his beloved, and hearing of her almost incredible exertions and sufferings, had brought on the feared result—a dangerous and fatal relapse. The last breath was drawn at the very moment his distracted love reached the door of the house where he lay.

Years after, the children of the metropolis of the Bay State, and of the towns in its vicinage, used to wonder, as the form of an emaciated but once beautiful female glided by them, whilst busied in their sports. With feelings of pity and awe they gazed at her as she cast a hurried and searching glance upon them, and then passed on with ceaseless step, so rapidly that her long and now whitened locks streamed far behind her in the wind; and ever and anon asking those she met, with an intense earnestness, if they had seen her beloved pass that way;—moaning bitterly when she heard their wondering negative. This was all that there was of what was a fair and devoted maiden, that crossed the wide sea to unite her fate with his whom she loved. The hand of charity gave her a Christian burial, and over her remains a romantic stranger has reared a humble slab, upon which he has inscribed the only name by which she was known—*Mary*; and under it this single sentence—“There’s rest for thee in heaven.”

Y. P. S.

“JOHN,” said a young woman to her lover, “you have been paying your *distresses* to me long enough. I want to know what your *contentions* are, I don’t mean to be kept in *expense* any longer.

## BEAUTIFUL TRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL.

SOME time after the horrible massacres which signaled the commencement of the French Revolution, the contagious example propagated murder and destruction, even in the new world. One cannot remember it without shuddering with horror, that in order to put to death more quickly a multitude of men and women at once and without trial, they collected them in groups, then fired upon them several cannons loaded with cannister shot.

An honest Creole of St. Domingo, who had committed no other crime than that of preserving the heritage of his fathers, and of being rich, was in consequence inscribed upon the list of proscription; the wretches who decorated themselves with the name of patriots, in imbuing their hands in the blood of the most honest citizens, denounced him as an enemy to the public welfare, and he was condemned to perish, together with a number of the unfortunate.

Happily for this old colonist, he was a father, and a father above all of a little daughter full of courage, tenderness and of energy. When he was dragged from the bosom of his family, his child resolutely followed him, and resolved to share his destinies, however dreadful they might be.

Placed one of the first among the victims whom they were going to sacrifice, already the Creole had his eyes blindfolded and his arms tied; already the satellites of death adjusted their murderous arms upon the unfortunate, deprived of hope and ready to die. O happiness! O surprise! O sentiment! sacred of nature, what power is yours? You anticipate the years in uncommon persons whom you animate with your divine fire; you lend them the foresight of the wise and the strength of men, in their infancy!

At the precise moment of the signal for the discharge of the artillery, a little girl comes running, crying, My father! O my father! Vainly they try to take her away from danger; vainly they threaten her—nothing stops her, nothing intimidates her. She rushes towards her father, she attaches herself to his body, which she presses closely with her little arms, and waits for the moment, to perish with the author of her days.

"O my daughter, dear child! only and sweet hope of thy weeping mother," said her father, trembling and melting into tears, "retire I entreat thee, I order thee." "O my father," responded the maiden, "let me die with you!"

Oh! what an empire has virtue even over souls the most ferocious! This unexpected incident disconcerts the commander of the massacre. Without doubt, he was a father also. The voice of admiration, the cry of pity, rise suddenly from the bottom of his heart! He alleges a specious pretext for delivering the Creole from death, and causes him to be reconducted to prison with his child. A moment of delay is sometimes precious. The face of affairs having shortly changed, the good father was released; and from that happy day, he ceases not to relate, with the tenderest emotion, the heroic action of his little daughter, aged then only ten years.

## THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

THIS WEEK'S PLATE.—Looking over recently a series of views in China, taken on the spot, we were struck with their remarkable beauty and almost unlikeness to this world's localities. In imagination we were transported to another planet—to a land of beautiful fairies and horrible genii; or carried back to the golden hours we have spent in youth over the entrancing pages of the "Arabian Nights," when in our simplicity we believed every line, and rubbed our lamp at night to see if another Aladdin's palace would not rise from fairydom to reward our faith.

These views we thought so beautiful, that we determined on having one copied for the Rover, which has been charmingly done by Dick. It is a view of the first entrance to the Temple of Confucius at Ching-hai, which is situated on the embouchure of the Taheh river, and is the capital of a heen, or district, in the province of Che-kiang. The site is singularly strong by nature, overhanging an elevated peninsula, the base of which is washed by the sea on one side, and by the rapid current of the Taheh on the other, against the attrition of which it is protected by a noble stone embankment.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS. By Eliot Warburton. New York; Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

This delightful book of travels forms numbers 11 and 12 of the Library of Choice Reading. We prefer this work of Mr. Warburton's to Eothen, for the reason that we feel more confidence in the author. There is air of romance about the latter book, that in a measure destroys the interest which its elegantly written pages should inspire, and when you have gone through it to the finis, you feel as though you would like to believe every word that the author has written; but reflection does not aid you, and in spite of your humanity, you subscribe to a very popular opinion—that the author of Eothen never left the print of his sandal beneath the shadow of the eternal Pyramids. The outlines are correct, but we doubt the filling up. Still it is a work of rare merit. But Mr. Warburton seems to have gone to his task with a true traveler's spirit. You never for a moment doubt his presence, and he has succeeded, we think, in giving to the public, one of the very best books of travels in the East that has heretofore been published. His descriptions of the cities of the Holy Land are very warm, and you feel that you are a pilgrim with him at the tomb of Absalom and the Sepulchre of Christ—at the Pool of Bethesda and in the Valley of Jehoshaphat—at the brook of Kedron and upon sacred Calvary. The publication of such books must ensure to the Library a very extensive sale.

Harper & Brothers have published, as number 55 of their Library of Select Novels, "Self," by the author of "Cecil." This novel is by some attributed to Bulwer, but we think it cannot be his, though by glancing over its pages we are inclined to think it possesses a fair portion of merit.

The same house has published the fourth part of "The Nevilles of Garretstown," by Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley." This work sustains that high reputation which the author has acquired by his former works.

THE WANDERING JEW, number 12. This great romance acquires interest and strength as the story advances.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, number 8.—There has been nothing equal to it, as a medical work, published in the country for years, if at all.

PICTORIAL BIBLE, number 29, sustains well the elegance of this great work. There are in this number thirty engravings, many of which are very beautiful.

J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, has published a handsome edition of Napier's Peninsular War. This is a very ably written work, and goes over the whole field of the war operations of that eventful period in modern history, and is indispensable to such as wish to be informed correctly upon the subject of which it treats.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Actress," from the French by T. J. S. will appear next week. Many thanks to the translator, whom we are pleased to see is improving.



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C.W. May

GREEK PATRIOTS.

(Burning of Scio)

